

Purple and White

Echo

1943-



# PURPLE AND WHITE ECHO

Issued by the Students of Smith Academy  
Hatfield, Massachusetts

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Vol. III

June, 1943

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## Dedication

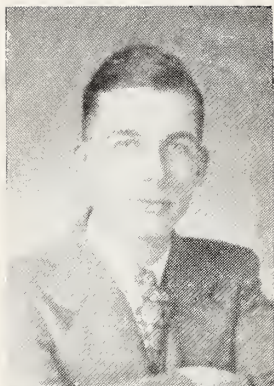


MISS RYAN



MISS STODDARD

IN GRATEFUL APPRECIATION OF KIND ADVICE,  
UNLIMITED TIME AND TIRELESS EFFORT IN  
HELPING THE STAFF, OVER A PERIOD OF YEARS,  
TO ISSUE THE "PURPLE AND WHITE ECHO," THE  
CLASS OF 1943 DEDICATES THIS VOLUME TO MISS  
RYAN AND MISS STODDARD, FACULTY ADVISERS.

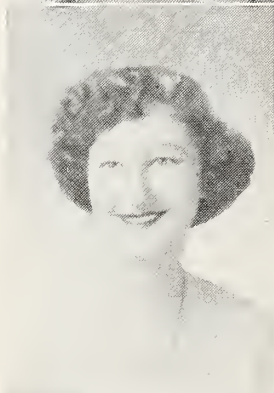


RICHARD BELDEN

"Percy"

Bradstreet, Agriculture: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Yearbook 4. Prize Speaking 3. Basketball Manager 4. Baseball 3, 4.

Lanky . . . Bashful?? . . . Squash?? . . . telephone calls . . . great speaker . . . Aggie Ace??



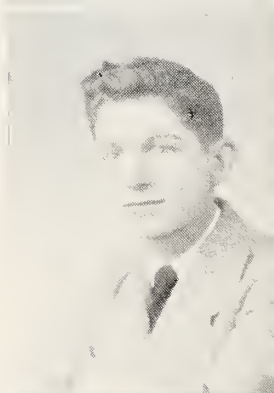
ANNA BURDA

—Pro Merito—

"Ann"

Hatfield, Commercial: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Pro Merito 2. Secretary Pro Merito 3, 4. School Paper 2. Literary Editor School Paper and Yearbook 4.

Tall . . . ambitious . . . our salutatorian . . . desires to be a WAAC . . . loves to do homework . . . U. S. History.



ALEXANDER CISZEWSKI

"Topsy"

Hatfield, General: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Class President 3. Student Council 4. Art Editor School Paper 3, 4. Yearbook 4. Soccer 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. Baseball 3.

Good Natured . . . Polish dances . . . cigars . . . pleasant smile . . . takes interest in sports.



MARY CYBULSKI

"Pete"

Bradstreet, General: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4.

"Pete" . . . wavy hair . . . Redmen's . . . friendly . . . quiet??



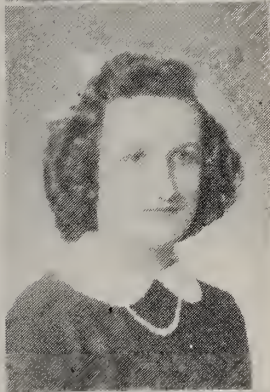


PAUL DICKINSON

"Tent"

North Hatfield, General: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Class President 4. Ass't Business Manager School Paper 3, 4. Ass't Business Manager Yearbook 4. Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4. Soccer 2, 3, 4.

Tall . . . dark . . . chicken business . . . great flirt attracts freshmen girls . . . senior girl wants that date.



HELEN KACINSKI

—Pro Merito—

"Kucka"

Bradstreet, Classical: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Class Vice-President 3, 4. Pro Merito 2. President Pro Merito 3, 4. Associate Editor School Paper 3. Editor-in-Chief School Paper and Yearbook 4. Yearbook 3. Secretary Student Council 4.

Our valedictorian . . . nice to know . . . well-dressed . . . hamburgs . . . quiet.



STACIA SLOVIKOSKI

—Pro Merito—

"Slim"

North Hatfield, Classical: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Pro Merito 2. Vice-President Pro Merito 3, 4. Treasurer Student Council 4. Student Council 3. Literary Editor School Paper 3. Associate Editor School Paper 4. Feature Editor Yearbook 4. Treasurer Athletic Assoc. 4.

Tall . . . blonde . . . carefree . . . third honors . . . blushes very easily . . . likes sailors . . . nice to know, glamour girl.

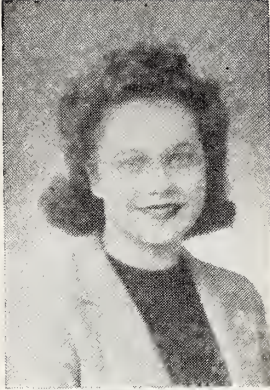


PHYLLIS ZEMBISKI

"Shorty"

Hatfield, General: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3. Captain Girls' Basketball 4. Class Secretary 3, 4. School Paper 3, 4. Yearbook 4. President Personality Club 4.

Short . . . thinks a certain, tall, dark, senior boy is O. K. . . . quite a horseback (pony) rider . . . cracker-jack eater . . . swell kid . . . her and her laugh.



LUANA EBERLEIN

"Lu"

Hatfield, Classical: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1.

Rather tall . . . studios . . . chocolate ice cream . . . "Red" "Tutu Baby" . . . likes the Coast Guard uniforms.

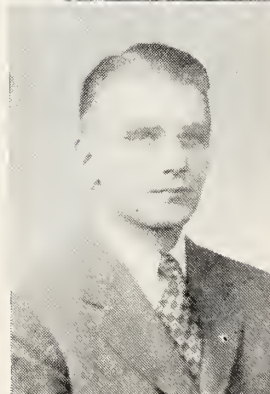


IRENE HARUBIN

"Sticks"

Bradstreet, General: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Feature Editor School Paper 4.

Tall . . . slim . . . pleasant smile . . . gym . . . U. S. History . . . Black Fords . . . talkative . . . Lumberjackette??



HENRY KUGLER

"Ruben"

Hatfield, General: Class President 2. Vice-President 1. Prize Speaking 3. School Paper 4. Business Manager Yearbook 4. Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Baseball 3.

Well-dressed . . . "blushes" . . . him and his trumpet . . . always looking for arguments . . . visits the brunette in North Hatfield . . . new hair do.



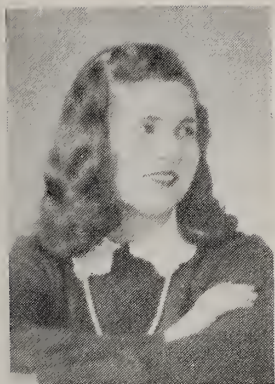
DOROTHY MAJESKEY

"Dot"

Hatfield, General: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 3, 3, 4. School Paper 3. Associate Editor School Paper 4. Yearbook 3. Feature Editor Yearbook 4. Yearbook 3. Vice-President Personality Club 4. Prize Speaking 3.

Rather tall . . . Swell gal . . . subject to laughing spells . . . cheery disposition . . . likes back seat in English class.





JULIA NIEWINSKI

"Judy"

Bradstreet, General: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. School Paper 4. Prize Speaking 3.

Short . . . dark hair . . . Billie W. . . . plays piano . . . likes Marine uniforms.

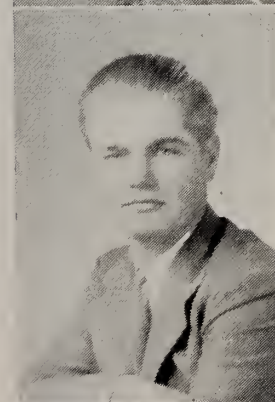


FRANK OSCIAK

"Fuzzie"

Hatfield, General: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Class Treasurer 3. School Paper 2. Prize Speaking 3. Soccer 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4.

Fishing . . . bicycle riding . . . Verna ????? . . . pastime, parking.

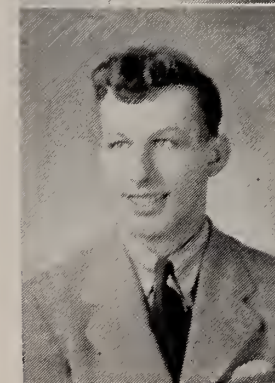


EDWARD REMISZEWSKI

"Rummy"

Bradstreet, General: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Class President 1. Student Council 3. President Student Council 4. Business Manager School Paper 4.

Full of fun . . . his jokes . . . wavy hair . . . meets her at the library . . . wants to sell his laugh.



ROBERT SAWICKI

"Bob"

Hatfield, Commercial: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. School Paper 4. Prize Speaking 4.

Tall . . . natural curls ?? . . . Cream flannels?? Florence . . . very studious . . . nice guy . . . plays piano.

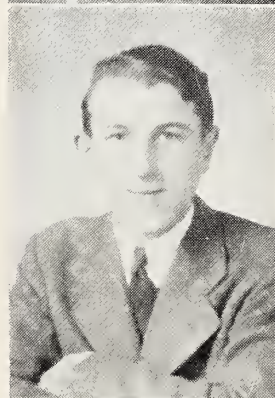


FRANCIS SKOCZYLAS

"Skorchy"

Hatfield, General: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4.

Short . . . our Navy hero . . . Pastime, studying English . . . "Annie Buzz" . . . dry-land sailor.



LEONARD TOCZKO

"Leo"

Hatfield, General: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Book League 4.

Attractive wave . . . nice guy . . . jazz bows . . . Chestnut Street or North Hatfield??



MARIE JEAN WICKLES

"Jeanne"

Hatfield, Classcial: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. President 4-H Club 4.

Tall . . . defense stamps . . . excuses . . . square dances . . . gym.

## Ex-Seniors

Agnes Bielecki

Regina Matusewicz

Edward Kempisty

John Holhut

Madelyn Peck

Roman Klimezyk

Stafie Zawadski

Helen Kosakowski

Anna Bucala

Chester Jablonski

Paul Vachula

Regina Galenski

Joseph Woynar

## Class History

In 1939, we stepped into Smith Academy, thirty-nine freshmen. As our leaders, or class officers, we elected Edward Remiszewski, president; Chester Jablonski, vice-president; Stacia Slovikoski, secretary; and Joseph Woynar, treasurer. Mr. Carroll and Miss Lyons were our class advisers. In October, we were guests at a reception given by the Class of '41, and after that gay party we felt as though we really belonged in Smith Academy. In December we ourselves sponsored a Christmas party for the entertainment of the other classes. We really did work hard to get up to a new start in 1940.

The second year of our journey through Smith Academy was a little easier than the first. For our class officers we chose Henry Kugler, president; Chester Jablonski, vice-president; Helen Kosakowski, secretary; and Stacia Slovikoski, treasurer. Miss Allaire and Principal Larkin were our class advisers. In October we were the sponsors of a Hallowe'en Party which proved to be very successful. Also, during our sophomore year, three of our classmates—Anna Burda, Stacia Slovikoski, and Helen Kacinski—were elected to the Pro Merito Society. This was also the year in which a Washington Club was begun, with about ten members belonging.

For the third year of our journey, we chose Alex Ciszewski, president; Helen Kacinski, vice-president; Frank Osciak, treasurer; and Phyllis Zembiski, secretary. Our class advisers were Miss Cullinan and Mr. Kalloch. That year we sponsored the freshman reception in honor of the fresh-

men, which also proved successful. Also in our junior year, we had our annual Declamation Programs. The following students were chosen to speak in the annual Alumni Prize-Speaking Contest: Henry Kugler, Julia Niewinski, Frank Osciak, Rita Godin, Eugene Proulx, Dorothy Majeski, Richard Belden, and Anna Burda. The winners were: first-prizes, Henry Kugler and Rita Godin; second prizes, Frank Osciak and Anna Burda.

For the fourth and last year of our journey in Smith Academy, our slate of officers was: Paul Dickinson, president; Helen Kacinski, vice-president; Stacia Slovikoski, treasurer; and Phyllis Zembiski, secretary. Our class advisers were Miss Ryan and Miss Stoddard. In October we sponsored a square dance at which five dollars was raffled off. The proceeds of the dance went into the fund for the school gift. In May, Mr. Larkin announced the Senior honors. The seniors whose good work during their four years qualified them as graduation speakers were Helen Kacinski, valedictorian; Anna Burda, salutatorian; and Stacia Slovikoski, third honors. For the graduation program Anna Burda chose for her topic, "Philosopher of Freedom"; Stacia Slovikoski, "After Victory—What?"; and Helen Kacinski, "Declaration of Independence."

So our journey ended happily on June 10, 1943, with wishes for the best of luck to future classes.

Mary Majeski '44

Anna Burda '43



## Seniorscope

Name	Ambition	Pet Likes	Pet Dislikes	Weakness
Anna Burda	Nun	Studying, rivals	Boys	Teasing
Mary Cybulski	Wife	Dancing, parking	Homework	"Pete"
Paul Dickinson	Tent-maker	Blondes, chickens	Writing letters	That certain gal
Alex Ciszewski	Navy-pilot	Dancing, skipping school	English	Homework
Luana Eberlein	Nurse	Red hair, bowling	Gossiping	Hamburgs
Richard Belden	Farmer	Telephoning, soph. girl	Blondes	"Squash"
Irene Harubin	Lumberjackette	Studebaker, moon-lit nights	U. S. History	"Him"
Helen Kacinski	Nurse	Studying, being quiet	Males	Hamburgs
Henry Kugler	Harry James 2nd	Giving orders, mustache	Caps and gowns	Brunettes
Dorothy Majeskey	Nurse	Typing, helping everyone	School in general	Laughing
Julia Niewinski	Airline Hostess	Dates, beach wagon	Strangers	The Marines
Edward Remiszewski	Bandleader	Baseball, being a pest	Falling in love	Ribbons
Stacia Slovikoski	WAVE	Movies, tall men	Being razzed	Sailors
Leonard Toczko	Musician	Blackouts, school	Old cars	"Eve"
Frank Osciak	Navy Pilot	Girls, movies	School	Girls
Jean Wickles	Teacher	Square dances, working in Kresges	Report cards	"Boys"
Phyllis Zembiski	Horseback Rider	Navy, using big works	Being kissed	"Bunny"
Robert Sawiski	Commercial Teacher	Wavy hair, studying	Having pictures taken	Florence
Francis Skoczylas	Sailor	Furloughs, girls	K. P. Duty	English



Cheer Leaders



Verna Skorupski—Jean Bryant—Irene Ziezulewicz

Senior Auto

Headlights .....	Helen Kacinski and A Burda.....	Extra Bright
Rear Light .....	A. Ciczewski .....	Always out
Wheels .....	.. S. Slovikoski, D. Majeskey ..	Lively People
	P. Zembiski, L. Eberlein .....	
Horn .....	E. Remiszewski .....	Always blowing
Gas .....	J. Wickles .....	Easily Burned up
Spare tire .....	H. Kugler .....	Handy to have around
Roof .....	R. Belden .....	Way over our heads
Engine .....	P. Dickinson .....	Always knocking
Knee-action .....	Girl's Gym Class .....	
Free-wheeling .....	M. Cybulski .....	Easy going
Seat .....	J. Niewinski .....	Always getting sat on
Windshield wiper .....	I. Harubin .....	Never works
Body .....	Students	
Brakes .....	We Get None	
Chokes .....	The Faculty	
Operator .....	Mr. Larkin	

Stacia Slovikoski '43 Dorothy Majeskey '43



## Class Poem

Smith Academy! A stately old building we shall always admire,  
 Where our aims and aspirations rose ever higher.  
 As we say good-by, we give a sigh,  
 A wave of grief dims our eyes with tears—  
 Dear old S. A., we go—  
 But we shall not forget!

Our years in S. A., those four short years,  
 Will live long in memories that oft stir us to tears.  
 The friends we have made, the games we have played,  
 The teachers and books that have opened the door  
 To the realm of knowledge from days of yore—  
 Dear old S. A., we go—  
 But we shall not forget!

But now it is finished, the work and the fun,  
 Forward we march toward new tasks to be done  
 With courage strong, with hearts firm and steady,  
 We go on to the work for which we are ready.  
 Dear old S. A., we go—  
 But we shall not forget!

HELEN KACINSKI '43

\* \* \*

CLASS FLOWER  
 American Beauty Rose

CLASS COLORS  
 Maroon and White

CLASS MOTTO  
 "Vision and Victory"

## Class Day Program

### ADDRESS OF WELCOME

We, the class of 1943, bid you—our friends, parents, teachers, and classmates—a cordial welcome.

In our seemingly short but pleasant journey through Smith Academy we have received the utmost of encouragement and cooperation from all of you. We are glad to have you with us tonight, which foreshadows a turning point in most of our lives. In school we have followed a straight road, which in the near future will branch into many new directions.

So tonight this informal program will hold for us its share of both happiness and sorrow. We hope you will enjoy it as much as we have enjoyed preparing it for you.

PAUL DICKINSON '43

### CLASS GIFTS

Mary Cybulski—To Mary we leave this rolling pin. You know, Mary, it's very small, but it will give him the general idea.

Irene Harubin—Irene, we tried to get you a load of lumber, but you know, priorities are priorities. So, instead, we got you a box of toothpicks. As it is, you can at least make a miniature house with them.

Helen Kacinski—Helen, how can I ever face you? I know that you want to be a nurse, and I honestly intended to give you a good start by giving you some first-aid bandage. But that dumb store clerk gave me this cheesecloth for dust-ers! Please, will you forgive me?

Luana Eberlein—Luana, you can keep up your writing for a long time. It's not my fault. That dumb clerk!!! I asked for some air mail stationery and she gave me this giant writing pad, instead. Oh well, think of quantity and not quality!!!

Julia Niewinski—Julie, you lucky thing. Guess what I have for you? A beach wagon!! A priceless gift! Four perfectly good tires, and no gas needed. Now you will be able to amuse yourself until that Marine comes back.

Anna Burda—Ann, miracles do happen. Look what we have! A wrist watch for you. And it really goes, if you follow di-

rections. All you have to do is let the cold water run on it, jump on it three times, and give it a vitamin pill before each meal.

Jeanne Wickles—Aha, Jeannie. Guess what? Uh-huh. It's a comb. This will at least make it one time less that you have to look for one.

Stacia Slovikoski—Stacia, we have often heard that you want to be a secretary. Well, you know what a helpful soul I am. I was going to help you by outfitting you in small way. Here is an eraser, a paper clip, a ruler, and a rubber elastic. Rubber is so scarce that I could not get more than one slimy rubber band. Take good care of it!

Dorothy Majeskey—I wanted to get you a typewriter, but you know there is a war going on. So, instead, I got you some typing paper and a pencil for the future use. Do you think you will be able to print as well?

Phyllis Zembiski—I honestly didn't know what to get you. But, as I walked around the five-and-ten, I noticed those flags, so I thought I would ge you one. It will come in handy, won't it?

Richard Belden—Look, Belden, what we have for you! A nice little phone and a private line, at that. It's much better

than any of the other phones I've seen. It has candy in it, that you can nibble on while you are talking with that certain Sophomore girl.

Alexander Ciszewski—Toppy, you ought to be indebted to me for life. Here's a skeleton key that will fit any lock in the house, any time of the night. See? You won't have to wake up your kid brother now. After all, the kid needs his rest, too.

Henry Kugler—Henry, we tried to get you a trumpet, but you know how priorities are. The closest I could get for you is this bubble pipe. You can't play "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" on it, but you can do something much better. You can forever blow bubbles.

Frank Osciak—Please don't get angry. It's that dumb clerk again! We asked for a real fishing line, and she gave us a spool of thread, instead. Do you think you can use it?

Robert Sawicki—Bob, we are leaving you a package of hair pins. Notice, I said

hair pins, not bobby pins. In case you have to set that wave, you'll have to use these, for bobby pins are practically out for the duration—priorities again, you know!

Leonard Toczko—Jazz bows are nice Leo, but we know that this tie would make you even more handsome. You won't mind wearing it to look more handsome, will you?

Paul Dickinson—You certainly did a good job of catching in baseball. And just in case you ever want to play again and don't have the equipment, here is a part of it. It's a mask, although there isn't too much to it. It will still help, even though it only keeps your face from getting sun-burned.

Edward Remiszewski—Rummie, look here! A pretty red bow! And it's all your own. Now you won't have to snitch any of the Freshmen girls' bows! After all, stealing doesn't take you on the road to heaven. Isn't this a salvation?

PHYLLIS ZEMBISKI '43  
DOROTHY MAJESKEY '43

## They'll Never Forget

ANNA BURDA . . . . .	The good marks in United States History
RICHARD BELDEN . . . . .	The hour-long conversation on the telephone
LUANA EBERLEIN . . . . .	The dates with the Coast Guard
PAUL DICKINSON . . . . .	The honor of being president of the senior class
IRENE HARUBIN . . . . .	What she learned in United States History
HELEN KACINSKI . . . . .	The thrill of being chosen valedictorian
HENRY KUGLER . . . . .	His uses of big words
DOROTHY MAJESKEY . . . . .	When she was chosen for prize speaking
JULIA NIEWINSKI . . . . .	Playing the piano
FRANK OSCIAC . . . . .	The charming freshmen girls
ROBERT SAWICKI . . . . .	The thrill of wearing his new cream flannels
STACIA SLOVIKOSKI . . . . .	The good times bicycle riding
FRANCIS SKOCZYLAS . . . . .	His eagerness to join the U. S. Navy
LEONARD TOCZKO . . . . .	The certain sophomore girl
JEANNE WICKLES . . . . .	Leaving English class in order to get the bus
PHYLLIS ZEMBISKI . . . . .	The letters from the sailor
MARY CYBULSKI . . . . .	When he came home for his first furlough
EDWARD REMISZEWSKI . . . . .	Those ribbons that he took from the freshman girls
ALEX CISZEWSKI . . . . .	The Polish dances

## Statistics

Who's the cause of all the neighbors complaining?  
Yes, to be a Harry James Henry Kugler is training!  
As an athlete in S. A. he surely did score,  
And as mechanic in his father's garage he did even more.

Julia Niewinski, short, dark and zippy,  
In that black Oldsmobile looks rather kippy,  
As for a Marine, he's the center of attraction  
All in all, the Cadet is the bigger part of the fraction.

Edward Remiszewski, known to us as "Rummy."  
Tried hard in Business Arithmetic not to seem like a dummy.  
The Assembly hall with the Freshmen girls was his favorite spot,  
And as business manager on the school paper he surely did a lot.

Helen Kacinski, our class valedictorian,  
Makes the rest of us feel similar to a moron,  
As Editor-in-chief she did her best,  
There was hardly a day she had left to rest.

As an office helper she does very well,  
And Dot Majeskey's giggle from afar one can tell,  
Her illuminating smile is really killing,  
And "getting heck" from the Principal is what she calls thrilling.

This short, jolly girl whom we all call Chubby,  
I'm sure she thinks Bunny will make a good hubby.  
Her outburst of laughter can be heard from afar,  
And as captain on the basketball team Phyllis Zembiski was a star.

Stacia Slovikoski, rather tall and quiet,  
When she gets going, she's quite a riot.  
As treasurer of our class, she always did well,  
Our gratitude to her is hard to tell.

Paul Dickinson, whom you seldom find sad,  
Who dares say he isn't a good-looking lad?  
As an athlete on our team he certainly did score,  
And as president of our class he did even more.

Alec Ciszewski, better known as "Topsy"  
On the dance floor is quite hoppy.  
In classes he couldn't wait for the bell to ring,  
And as for girls, he had many on a string.

Who is this girl known as "Steeks?"  
Who on the phone each night for two hours speaks.  
A tan Studebaker is her greatest delight,  
It's Irene Harubin, who's on the go each Saturday night.

Frank Osciak, the glamour boy of our class,  
On the basketball floor sure was fast.  
In Problems class he liked to debate,  
And to get into the Navy he cannot wait.

Jeanne Wickles, our tall, quiet, classmate,  
Most every morning to school is late  
Her job is a clerk in the five and ten,  
And at square dances she prefers farmer men

Mary Cybulski, that fair-haired lass,  
The first to be engaged, of all in our class!  
She's found her soldier,  
She has her ring,  
We'll give her a cake,  
And hear the wedding bells ring.

Her ambition is to guard the sick in bed,  
She's studied hard to get ahead,  
So here's to her success in future days,  
And may Luana Eberlein always win her sailor's praise.

Richard Belden, another tall, dark, and handsome lad,  
Because of leaving S. A. he is very sad.  
He'll miss the H. A. girls, of that we are sure,  
But the summer vacation we hope will serve as a cure.

Leonard Toczko is certainly not studiously inclined,  
But somehow he always managed a couple of B's to find.  
That handsome car he'll miss by his side,  
When in an Army jeep he finds he must ride.

Robert Sawicki, the ambitious boy of our class,  
Has been the beau of many a lass.  
As one of our prize speakers he did his part,  
And for the future he has made a great start.

Let's give praise to Anna Burda, our salutatorian,  
Whose quest and ambition is to combat with historians.  
She's typed our school paper, and rates pretty high,  
She'll be leaving us soon, so let's say goodbye.  
As she's joining the WAAC'S,  
To take her crack at the Japs.

Francis Skoczylas, the proud sailor of our class,  
In his Navy uniform is an eyeful for any lass.  
In school he often made the teachers cross,  
But now, only when he's on a furlough, can he be boss.

Julia Niewinski '43—Irene Harubin '43—Jeanne Wickles '43



## Class Prophecy

### (Introduction)

Luana and Mary: Why, Oh why, did they choose us for the Class Prophecy!

Mary: I can't see why. Even the greatest man in the world can't prophesy what tomorrow will be. Why ask us to foretell anything?

Luana: It isn't fair that we should be alone on this job!

Mary: Weren't there some boys to help us?

Luana: Yes, but where are they? Perhaps they have gone to a fortune teller to get hints on the future.

Mary: But they will pay a big price for that, and I suppose they'll ask us to chip in on that expense. Well, they ought to be along anytime now. I hope they have something.

Both: Here they are. I wonder what they have found.

(Two Boys Come in With Box)

Boys (singing): "Down by the old Mill Stream—"

Girls: Where have you been?

Boys: Well, we found the prophecy for the class of 1943.

Girls: You did? ! !

Boys: Yes, we finally did. Do you remember Nab-im-all, the Gremlin's cousin? Well, while we were fishing down by the nook, we met Nab-im-all and he asked us why we were so unhappy the day before graduation, and we told him of our trouble concerning the Class Prophecy. After a long discussion, he agreed to help us solve our problem, and instructed us to follow him.

After climbing over logs and walking over narrow trails and into a heavy forest, Nab-im-all disappeared and we were lost to the world. After wandering about a while, we found a package; written on it was "DO NOT OPEN UNTIL CLASS NIGHT." Excited and overjoyed, we don't even remember getting out of the woods. But we're here. Now let's investigate the prophecy little Nab-im-all gave us.

### A FARMERETTE

Charley Eberlein has a big dairy farm now, because he's in the prosperous dairy business. He has a big red barn with lots

and lots of cows, with lots and lots of work to do. But he can't get any help, because the boys are in the Service; and he can't do all the work himself. So who do you suppose is helping Charley? Yes, she's been doing this every day since she left high school. She likes her work. She helps Charley milk the cows. She helps Charley do the chores. At last she has found something she likes to do—that little girl who works on the farm, Luana Eberlein.

### A STORY OF BIG BUSINESS

Kelso's Cucumber Juice and Onions for Digestion. Yes, we have them all now, after ten long years of struggling and building. The inventor wouldn't quit. He had to build his dream, and now he's built it. President of two large Exchange Companies, he's now sitting pretty in his office, growling orders to all his help. This successful business man, the president of Kelso's Cucumber and Onions, is Henry Kugler.

### NIGHT LIFE

In 1943, there were only a few business buildings in Bradstreet. Now (1953) there is another building in this little village. On this building there is a big-red-green and yellow sign, "THE BUBBLE DANCER." This is one of the high spots in Hatfield entertainment today. Here the band plays and the drums roll and out comes the Bubble Dancer. What grace and poise! What rhythm and what a beauty! That plump dancer—yes, the Bradstreet beauty—our classmate of '43—Edward Rome. (Remiszewski).

### A FAMILY PORTRAIT

Up in Bradstreet there is a little girl who used to come to Smith Academy in '43. But today (1953) this girl doesn't go to school anymore. No, she's pushing a baby carriage and there are four little boys, all sizes, dressed in Marine uniforms, running around her. And yes, the one in the baby carriage is dressed in a Marine uniform, too. This pretty little girl, this happy little girl—Julia Niewinski.

ALEX CISZEWSKI '43.

## NAVY PILOT

During the ceremony at Corpus Christi, Texas, a medal for distinguished flying goes to a lad who since his freshman year in high school has had the ambition to be a Navy Pilot. During his training period, he showed that his ambition could be easily realized for he had all the qualifications: mental alertness, nerves of steel, constitution of iron, hawk-like vision, undaunted courage, and tireless energy. His record in the Navy has been one of brilliant success. Lieutenant Commander Richard Belden.

## A WOODLAND SCENE

In the town of "All Alone" situated on "DO JIGGAR HILL" is a green and white house. As far as one can see, there are acres of woods. A passerby, attracted by the sound of a hacking noise, might stop to listen—and then bang! A tree falls down. In the clearing, one can see a man and woman, both dressed like men, cutting wood. The woman, who has become weather-beaten and rugged from hard work and who gives us an example of women taking the place of men, is a graduate of Smith Academy—Irene Harubin.

## GLAD NEWS

In the morning paper is a picture of a young lad who was recently elected to the school committee. Ever since going with a freshman girl, who was the school committee member's daughter, this young lad has had the desire to become a member of the school committee. And now his chance has come. Paul Dickinson's one and only desire has been fulfilled—he is elected to the school board.

## DISTINGUISHED OFFICER

Marching down High Street in Holyoke, a large group of WAACS swing smartly by. At the head of the group is a tall, blond girl wearing a distinguished officer's suit, a tan hat, and medals for foreign service, accurate marksmanship, the congressional medal of honor, the Order of the Purple Heart, and many others. These WAACS seem very glad to drill for one day under this distinguished Major Stacia Slovikoski of the United States Army.

## HONORED NURSE

At a busy street intersection, a sleek tan car marked "AMBULANCE" comes whizzing around the corner, blowing the siren for all to clear the way. As it nears the hospital, the porter swings open the wide gates. The orderlies jump out, carry the unconscious patient into the hospital, up the elevator, and into the emergency room. A small, pleasant young nurse, in spotless uniform, steps forward to give orders. "Your orders will be carried out directly, Miss Kacinski," replies one of the orderlies in a respectful tone. Miss Kacinski, head supervisor of the emergency department at the hospital, turns to enter the operating room once more.

LUANA EBERLEIN '43

\* \* \*

## A RECORD IS BROKEN

"A Genius," "Marvelous," "Perfect."

Yes all these exclamations are about the girl who typed 125 words a minute in a contest for a prize of \$10,000.

Why, she sat there at her typewriter and when the judge said "Go," she was off with a flash, and nothing could stop her from winning that prize. Her eyes were shining with an ambitious gleam, big as alleys, and her fingers were going 150 miles an hour.

Ladies and gentlemen, it was her one and only desire to break the record. But it was only in a dream and that is all it will be—a dream.

This girl—Dorothy Majeskey.

## ADVERTISEMENT

Today, ladies and gentlemen, the world's greatest and most sensational woman bare-back rider will be in town. She can stand on her horse and hold her famous dog "Pep-Squeak" in her hands. Mrs. Always-Fall-Off, is a very daring young woman. Starting her career in the little town of Hatfield, Mrs. Fall-Off now has gone a long ways, and today she is in the little town of Hatfield.

Yes, ladies and gents, this show is to take place in her own back yard. And, ladies and gentlemen, to your surprise, the one and only woman bare-back rider is—the former Phyllis Zembiski.

## VACATION NOTES

While I was vacationing in Reno, the famous city noted for divorces, I saw stationed across the street a person who was quite tall, light, and handsome. I stood there and watched some queer things happen. As the people walked by, they would bow their heads and then stop and talk to him. I was very curious, so I crossed the street to see what they were saying. Here is what most of them said:

"Good morning, father." Then, whether a young man or a young woman, he or she would say, "When may I get a divorce?"

This young preacher was none other than Mr. Alexander Ciszewski.

## ENTRY FROM THE DIARY

OF R. L. S. — 1953

Last week I had a horrible toothache which needed immediate attention. The family dentist that used to check my teeth twice a year had gone to serve his Uncle Sam, but another dentist had taken his place up in Main Street. I did not bother to go to the office to make the appointment, but went to the phone and called the same old number which I had known for years. A girl answered the phone. The appointment was made for three the following day. The day came. It was time for me to go up to the dentist's office. I was very nervous and scared, which I always am at the thought of going to the dentist.

I walked into the building where the dentist's office is situated and said very bravely to the elevator operator, a girl, "Third floor, please." She smiled pleasantly and answered, "Yes, sir."

When I got up to the third floor, I went to the same old door, still very nervous and frightened. I turned the knob slowly, walked into the waiting room, and hid myself behind a book. In a few moments a girl came out and said, "I am now ready for you, Mr. Sawicki." This voice seemed very familiar, and when I looked up at this lively person I did not know whether to leave the room in a hurry or go into the office with her. I guess I had no choice, I had to make my decision

quickly, besides the tooth needed immediate care.

This girl, the first woman dentist in the land was Miss Mary Cybulski.

## A PASTORAL SCENE DATE 1955

A few days ago, as I was passing by a dreary, deserted road in a small town in the sticks called Gossip, Massachusetts, I came across a young man who looked very old and worn out. Accompanying him was a young pretty, blonde who looked fairly happy. Surrounding this young couple was half a dozen children—their sole desire. Two of the children were blondes, three brunettes and one a red head. To me this young man looked very familiar. After recalling to my mind, I could not believe it was he. I looked again to find out whether my eyes were deceiving me or not. But no, I was right the first time. Yes, it was he, the one and only A.W.O.L. Leonard Toczko.

ROBERT SAWICKI '43

\* \* \*

## MECHANICALLY MINDED

After World War II was over, a great many different machines were needed. But great production was being held back for a time because our great inventors were busy putting their ideas together. Finally, many great inventions appeared in production, but the greatest of all was celebrated, the MIND READING MACHINE, used so successfully in criminal trials. The inventor was a graduate of S. A. in '43—Robert Sawicki.

## RODEO RIDING

The year 1953 was one of the greatest years for cowgirls. A great many races had been held at Win-um Field. In the fall of '53 the six local winners were to hold their final race. The fine group of cowgirls, which attracted a large group of spectators, included: Loosem Jane, Dodger Smith, Dreaming Beauty, Tricky Mountaineer, Bronco Blitz, and Nockout-Sue. The voice of Mr. Loudmouth announced that the race was about to start. The whistle blew and the race was on. Like a flash, Dodger Smith

(Continued on Page 37)



## Class Will

The class of 1943 of Smith Academy, situated in the town of Hatfield, in the County of Hampshire, State of Massachusetts, disposes of its estate as follows:

STACIA SLOVIKOSKI . . . our own glamour girl, leave to Stella Sadoski all her charm, so that she can attract all the boys as Stacia did in the past.

ROBERT SAWISKI . . . our version of a glamour boy, leaves to Eddy Pashek all his natural curly hair, in the hope that Eddy can fascinate all the Florence girls as Bob did.

MARY CYBULSKI . . . leaves to Laura Bielecki her memories of those Wednesday night dance sat Redmen's.

RICHARD BELDEN . . . the Bob Hope of our class, leaves to Edward Lapinski all his sickening jokes which he spent many a sleepless night thinking of.

DOROTHY MAJESKEY . . . leaves to Clara Toczydlowski all her silly ideas which have always started a riot.

PAUL DICKINSON . . . our camping expert, leaves to Edward Malinowski all his knowledge of tents and memories of those enjoyable trips.

JEAN WICKLES . . . leaves her huge collection of Defense Stamps, so that the school won't have any financial difficulties in the future.

FRANK OSCIAK . . . leaves to Edward Zima his memories of the pleasant moments spent with a certain little sweet someone on Chestnut Street.

JULIA NIEWINSKI . . . our swingstress, leaves to Jean Bryant all her ingenious ways of attracting attention while playing her makes-you-want-to-dance music, in the hope that Jean may acquire all the talent and popularity that Julia possessed.

HENRY KUGLER . . . the Harry James of our class, leaves to Verna Skorupski all his hot air, so that Verna may carry on, minus the trumpet.

IRENE HARUBIN . . . leaves to Vicky Zawacki all her knowledge of fixing V-8 motors which never seem to run after 10 o'clock at night.

ALEX CISZEWSKI . . . leaves to his brother, Adolph, his extra large basketball uniform, in which only a Ciszewski will fit.

HELEN KACINSKI . . . our ingenious genius, leaves to Rita Godin some of her exciting moments spent at home reading Shakespeare.

EDWARD REMISZEWSKI . . . the Freshman-lover, leaves to Marie Goeller the unbearable music which he plays on the piano. That one and only song that he knows!

PHYLIS ZEMBISKI . . . our basketball star, leaves to Irene Fox her uncanny technique in basketball.

LEONARD TOCZKO . . . leaves to John Skarzynski his secret of getting around with the girls and not having anybody know about it.

LUANA EBERLEIN . . . the hard working girl of the class, leaves all her unfinished tasks and duties to her sister Shirley to complete.

ANNA BURDA . . . leaves to the faculty all her homework papers, so that they may use them as a future reference.

TO MR. LARKIN . . . our kind principal, we leave all the distressing memories that having us around must have caused.

TO EACH MEMBER OF THE FACULTY . . . we leave a supply of Alka-Seltzer, to be distributed among the students after each lecture.

TO THE FRESHMEN . . . we leave this good advice—Freshmen should be seen and not heard.

TO THE SOPHOMORES . . . we leave the seats that the juniors occupied during the past year.

TO THE JUNIORS . . . we leave all of the trials and tribulations of being Seniors.

We hereunto set our hand and seal to this Testament, this ninth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-three.

Signed: LEONARD TOCZKO '43

HENRY KUGLER '43

EDWARD REMISZEWSKI '43

## Presentation of Class Gift

With the passing of tomorrow, the members of the class of 1943 will join the ranks of alumni. Before such a transition takes place, the members of this class wish to present to Smith Academy these two war bonds, one for fifty dollars and another

for twenty-five. We hope this gift will not only serve to keep alive our memory, but will be, to all who benefit from it, evidence of the sincere gratitude we feel for all the benefits we have received here.

Frank Osciak '43

## Address to Undergraduates

It gives me great pleasure to say a few words to you in behalf of the senior class. Tomorrow brings a big event in our lives. After four years of effort, we have acquired a high school education.

When we entered Smith Academy, our nation was still at peace. But during our high school course, we have seen a complete change in world conditions. World War II is affecting the lives of all of us, and has forced us to defer plans for our own immediate future. One of our group is already in the service, as you know. We are certain of one truth: Education is the inspiration of progress. It was the desire for more knowledge, for example, that led Columbus to the discovery of America. And if man had not realized that he must develop his faculties, we would be living in a far different world today. There would be none of the modern conveniences, such as electricity, refrigeration, and rapid transportation. There would be no realization of the democratic principles of freedom and justice. We would still be living in the world and environment of a primitive civilization.

Day by day, the advantages of a higher

education become more and more pronounced, and a high school education is now considered practically necessary. The best advice we can offer you still in high school is this: the only way to get the most out of your high school education, is to put your best into your studies.

Surely in the disturbed world we live in today, none of us can fail to realize that life brings changing situations and changing relations. And we know that a high school course prepares us to meet these changes with greater ability. Orderly training, systematic study, the opportunities for the practice of loyalty and cooperation, and the benefits of friendly relationships with fellow students—all these advantages Smith Academy offers. Make the most of them, in the years of high school life before you.

Our years of companionship with you are at an end. We have enjoyed them and found them profitable. As we leave, we extend to you all a sincere wish that you may do your work here well. And we can think of no better parting message to you than the one contained in these words: "All education is self-education."

RICHARD BELDEN '43



## Pro Merito



First Row, left to right: Anna Burda, Helen Kacinski, Mary Majeski, Stacia Slovikoski.

Back Row, left to right: Miss Ryan, Miss Stoddard.

The Pro Merito Chapter of Smith Academy, in the fall of 1942, consisted of three senior members: Stacia Slovikoski, Anna Burda, and Helen Kacinski. In December, these members presented a program in the assembly. The speakers explained the requirements of Pro Merito and reported on the activities of Pro Merito conventions. At this assembly, Principal Larkin announced two new members from the junior class: Mary Majeski and Cory Bardwell. Pride in having a boy added after four years without one was, unfortunately, short-lived, for Cory left soon to go to Deerfield Academy.

District and state conventions have been cancelled for the duration because of the present transportation problem. But as soon as difficulties cease, the regular routine of two conventions a year, will be renewed.

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### OFFICERS

HELEN KACINSKI, President

STACIA SLOVIKOWSKI, Vice-President

ANNA BURDA, Secretary-Treasurer

MISS RYAN and MISS STODDARD, Faculty Advisers

## The Faculty



First Row, left to right: Mrs. O'Neill, Miss Stoddard, Miss Ryan, Mrs. Muller, Miss Connelly.

Second Row, left to right: Mr. Bristol, Mr. Larkin, Mr. Jacobek.

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|--|---|
| CLARENCE J. LARKIN, A.B., Principal                  | Amherst College   |
| Algebra, Chemistry, Geometry                         |   |
| MARY E. RYAN, A.B.                                   | Smith College   |
| Classical English, Commercial English 3-4            |   |
| MARGARET E. STODDARD                                 | McCarthy's Business College                                 |
| Shorthand, Typing, Business Arithmetic               |   |
| MARGARET L. CONNELLY                                 | Worcester Domestic Science School                           |
| Household Arts Instructor                            |   |
| JOHN C. JAKOBEK, A.B., M.S.                          | Mass. State College   |
| Biology, Science, History, Problems of Democracy     |   |
| GILBERT D. BRISTOL, B.V.A.                           | Mass. State College   |
| Agriculture Instructor                               |   |
| MRS. F. E. MULLER, A.B.                              | Wheaton College   |
| Latin, French, World History                         |   |
| MRS. B. C. O'NEILL                                   | Bay Path Institute, Commercial College, New York University |
| Shorthand, Commercial English 1-2, Business Training |   |



## Junior Class



First Row, left to right: Vera Miesko, Mary Majeski, Sophie Pinkowski, Irene Ziezulewicz, Edward Malinowski, Edith Filipek, Verna Skorupski, Sophie Cackowski, Laura Bielecki.

Second Row, left to right: Mrs. O'Neill, Helen Serowick, Janet Moskowicz, Helen Kochan, Clara Toczydlowski, Henry Betsold, Charles Drake, Edward Pashek, Mr. Jakobek.

Not in picture: Edward Zima.

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### CLASS OFFICERS

EDWARD MALINOWSKI, President

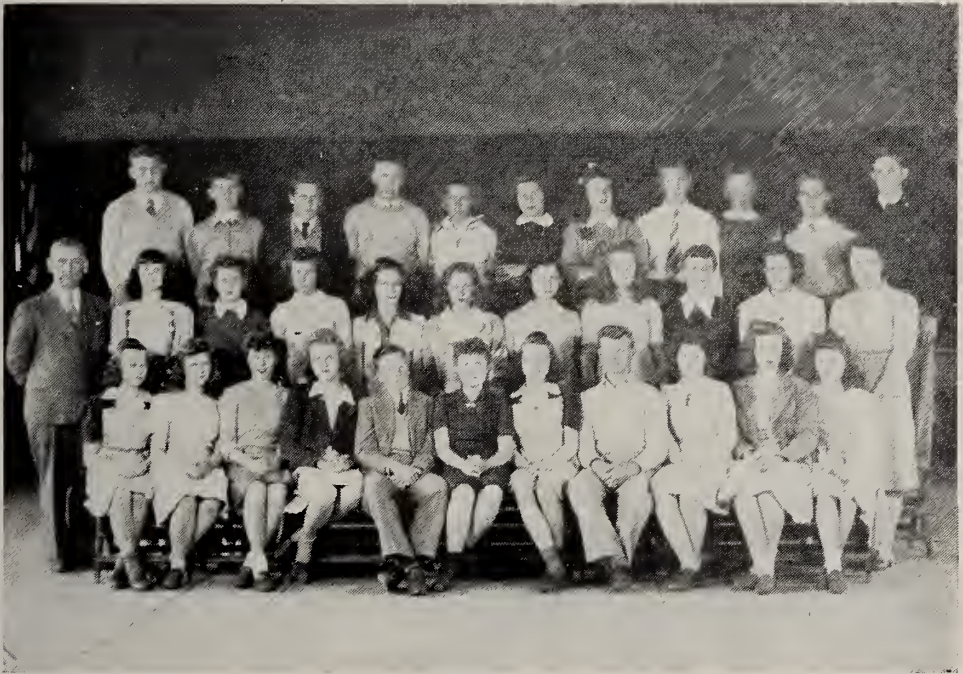
IRENE FOX, Secretary

SOPHIE PINKOWSKI, Vice-President

EDITH FILIPEK, Treasurer

MRS. O'NEILL and MR. JAKOBEC, Faculty Advisers

## Sophomore Class



First Row, left to right: Martha Osepowicz, Tessie Sikorski, Jean Bryant, Gladys Maciorowski, Robert Mullins, Eleanor Kugler, Margaret Osepowicz, Chester Prucnal, Betty Zapka, Laura Sadowski, Stella Slivoski.

Second Row, left to right: Mr. Larkin, Frances Lizak, Tessie Michalowski, Helen Pashek, Evelyn Vachula, Dorothy Skoczlas, Dorothy Kochan, Betty Wilkes, Rita Godin, Mary Lovett, Miss Connelly.

Third Row, left to right: Robert Shea, John Besko, Clyde Gallant, John Skarzynski, Adolph Ciszewski, Helen Zawacki, Annie Zima, Bill Wendolowski, Charles Havilier, Clifford Roberts, Albion Galenski.

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### CLASS OFFICERS

ELEANOR KUGLER, President

CHESTER PRUCNAL, Secretary

ROBERT MULLINS, Vice-President

MARGARET OSEPOWICZ, Treasurer

MISS CONNELLY and MR. LARKIN, Faculty Advisers



## Freshman Class



First Row, left to right: Evelyn Szewczyk, Mary Sheehan, Joan Bangs, Victoria Zawacki, Edward Lapinski, Marie Goeller, Velma Omasta, Gertrude Petrikoski, William Mullins.

Second Row, left to right: Mr. Bristol, Shirley Betsold, Shirley Labbee, Marie Korza, Jennie Cackowski, Carolyn Kosier, Ruth Zuroff, Nellie Korza, Stella Sadoski, Virginia Carl, Mrs. Muller.

Third Row, left to right: Stanley Pinkoski, Champion Dickinson, Robert Pelc, Laurence Stoddard, Barbara Tobacco, Pauline Widelo, Shirley Eberlin, Phyllis LaMountain, Charles Kuzontkoski, Bernard Kacenski.

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### CLASS OFFICERS

EDWARD LAPINSKI, President

MARIE GOELLER, Secretary

VICTORIA ZAWACKI, Vice-President

VELMA OMASTA, Treasurer

MRS. MULLER and MR. BRISTOL, Faculty Advisers



## Honor Essays

### PHILOSOPHER OF FREEDOM

This year when we are anxiously awaiting war news, are agitated by affairs at home, and are looking to the future with real concern, is the year which marks the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson. The observance of this anniversary has given us an opportunity to review the life and times of a man who has been called our one timeless statesman. His wisdom, his humanity and his statesmanship, are indeed timeless. His thoughts and deeds were important to his time; they are vital to us today. James Russell Lowell said that Thomas Jefferson was the "first American man" and the best thinker of his day. Woodrow Wilson thought him immortal because of his attitude toward mankind. And the world at large has always regarded him as the embodiment of American democratic idealism. The subtlety of his mind and the complexity of his character have made him the most wide-ranging intellect of his day, and at the same time the champion of democratic rights. A gentleman of wealth and position, he became the revered leader of the common people. The most successful political figure of his generation, he never made a political speech. A party leader of matchless adroitness, he had almost no personal contact with his followers. As a political leader, he was indirect, firm, soft-spoken, but uncompromising. A wily strategist, he outmaneuvered his opponents and left them floundering in angry helplessness. Above all these qualities, he was as American as his background, and that was quite American.

He was born two hundred years ago on the frontier in western Virginia, on land which his father had personally cleared, in a region where there were practically no white settlers. Jefferson was thus a frontiersman, and not a mansion-bred aristocrat, (although his mother came from an eminent family) as is commonly supposed. The frontier where he spent his childhood and youth had a basic influence upon his mind and character. It taught

him the virtues of self-reliance, common sense, and above all a deep respect for the other fellow. The frontier helped to mold him into an American democrat. As such, cruelty and violence filled him with abhorrence. A man like Napoleon Bonapart, the Hitler of his day, revolted him. He looked upon the conquerer of Europe as a "maniac" and a "bandit" as the very worst of all human beings . . . having inflicted more misery on mankind than any other who had ever lived.

More fully than any other American—more fully perhaps than any other figure in history—Jefferson formulated and gave a coherent philosophy of freedom. Underlying the Jeffersonian philosophy is the idea of the inherent goodness of men. Jefferson knew that without such a belief, democracy was an impossibility and self-government a travesty. Goodness meant also mutual respect and impartial justice. To Jefferson the dignity of any individual, regardless of origin or status, was sacred. Mutual respect was the foundation for any worth-while civilization. Without it, there could be neither liberty nor the pursuit of happiness. He believed that men were able to appreciate the truth, if the truth were presented to them fairly and honestly. Consequently, he fought for a free press. In his philosophy is also the faith in progress and in man's capacity to learn and to improve himself. He knew that nothing was more fatal to freedom and human dignity than ignorance. So he devoted years of his life to the advancement of public education, for he knew that no foundation could be devised for the preservation of freedom and happiness without education for the common people.

In Jefferson's philosophy of freedom was the belief in the control of government by the people. He was afraid of the potential power of government. He saw how in Europe, governments invariably were oppressive, brutal, and ignorant. He knew that all government, in essence, was a monopoly—a monopoly of powers over the lives and consciences of the citizens—and

he was convinced that it must be watched with a careful eye. He urged, therefore, that government should be fenced in by strictly limited constitutional powers and kept in bounds. This could best be done, he believed, by making the people themselves the depositories, to share in the control and influence over the government. Time has proved the wisdom of his words: "If every individual participates in the ultimate authority, the government will be safe and the liberties and happiness of the citizens will not be infringed."

Today, two hundred years after he was born, Jefferson looms greater than ever. To lovers of liberty, Jefferson is timeless in his inspiration. Today, in particular, hundreds of millions of people throughout the world can appreciate his belief that freedom is the most sacred cause that ever man engaged in. Today, more than ever before, Jefferson lives in the hearts of the American people. For he held that all men are created equal, that they possess certain inalienable rights, and that governments derived their just powers from the consent of the governed. These truths, and the nation founded upon them, are now challenged by the hosts of tyranny. And to defend them, our countrymen have taken up the sword of freedom.

It is fitting, then, that the two hundredth Anniversary of Thomas Jefferson's birthday should be celebrated as a rededication of the truths which he first proclaimed and established. For, so long as we cherish and maintain and strengthen the democratic principles of Jefferson, the United States will remain what he conceived it to be—the world's best hope.

ANNA BURDA '43

Salutatorian

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#### AFTER VICTORY—WHAT?

On the dreadful day of Dec. 7, 1941, our nation was plunged into a war that we had vainly hoped we might avoid. Great changes had to be made in our national life. Many boys at once joined the service, and many even stopped going to school in order to enlist. Men started to

give up their usual jobs to enter defense factories, and women also answered the call for more hands to increase production. Everywhere, posters began to appear encouraging people to buy war bonds and stamps, and to enlist in the service. In order to help win this struggle, the government instituted units of the armed forces in which the women could enlist, such as the WAVES, the SPARS, and the WAACS. But still, while we are engaged in all this effort, we are conscious of the question of the future. We know we are exerting every effort to win; we not only hope that we shall win—we have confidence that we will win. But the next problem is: After Victory—What?

There are twenty-eight United Nations fighting side by side today to wipe out international gangsterdom. Every citizen in each of these nations knows that he has a stake in winning the war; everyone should realize that he has a stake in winning the peace, too. The kind of world that follows the victory is the world that our generation and future generations will have to live in. If the twenty-eight United Nations, through cooperation and unity of purpose, can win the war, it is reasonable to hope that they can win the peace that follows. A union of nations for the purpose of world peace should not be any more impossible than the union of states that makes up our own United States. The founding fathers found much opposition to overcome when they attempted to form a United States of America. They had many bitter discouragements—so shall we, when the victory brings the dawn of a new peace.

Today it is not possible to make a definite plan for running the world of tomorrow, we know. But it is possible to examine the situation and come to some general conclusions about the principles upon which the new world must be built.

It seems necessary that the peace to follow victory shall be built upon a foundation of good will rather than revenge. But this foundation will have to be strengthened with a realistic understanding of the problems that hate and revenge are certainly going to be placed before us. We

know that there will be people filled with hate and revenge—what of those conquered people who have suffered under Nazi rule? In their hearts will be a deep and bitter hate and a wild rush to avenge the losses caused by wanton cruelty. We must not expect the Germans or Japs to be sorry for the harm they have done, or be ready to help rebuild the cities they have knocked down. Human nature is not purified by the sacrifices of war. I imagine some of our soldiers and marines, and even some of our civilians, would like to lay hands on some of the Axis criminals, even after the war is ended. The simple truth is that after the guns of war cease firing, people are left with smoldering hates that do not cool down easily. In Europe, the Nazis will be sullen, and the liberated people will want to punish the Germans without much thought of the danger of planting the seeds of another war. To secure our peace, we must work with all the other nations that share our desire for progress toward a democratic way of life. We shall have to consider part of an international society, after the victory—for aviation makes it possible to measure distance by hours, not by miles. Our nation is no longer cut off from Europe and Asia by miles of vast oceans.

After we have saved ourselves from the Nazi system of organized hatred and terror, and the Japanese rule of brutality and savagery, do we want to give into our own hatreds and our own selfish ways? We want a peace that will last—a peace that will restore good will among men. Each one of us is needed to play a part in a hard and discouraging job; after fighting off the danger that is now wrecking the world, we must start building anew on the wreckage.

After victory we want a world where tolerance, charity, and justice prevail. The Four Freedoms of the Atlantic Charter are no more idealistic as aims for a world order, than the safeguards extended to United States citizens in the Bill of Rights of our Constitution. Bitter controversy raged among the framers of the Constitution before that document, with its famous Bill of Rights, was finally accepted.

Bitter controversies will no doubt arise when men gather around the peace table, after our victory is won. But let us hope that the unity of purpose which is winning the war for us will prevail among the leaders who write the peace.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek, speaking in Philadelphia recently, said: "America is not only the cauldron of democracy, but the incubator of democratic principle. At some of the places that I visited, I met the crews of your air bases. There I found first-generation Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, Poles, Czechoslovaks, and other nationals. There they were, all Americans, all devoted to the same ideals, all working for the same cause and united by the same high purpose. This increased my belief and faith that devotion to a common principle eliminates differences in race, and that identity of ideals is the strongest possible solvent of racial dissimilarities."

In fighting this war, we and our Allies have "devotion to a common principle"—the principle that tyranny and enslavement can not be permitted in a world where free men would live. After the victory, fellowship among all men may well be the common principle upon which will grow a true world peace. The way will not be easy—disillusion and discouragement will be met—but after victory, there can be a true and lasting peace.

STACIA SLOVIKOSKI '43

Third Honors

\* \* \*

## A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

The phrase, "a declaration of independence," upon first thought, suggests to us the well-known declaration of that philosopher of freedom, Thomas Jefferson. His Declaration of Independence formed the cornerstone of our free democratic way of life. But that is not the independence we here are thinking of. Our declaration of independence arises from this fact: "Here endeth our high school days."

The companionships that we have enjoyed so fully for the past four years will now be broken up. And if this were only an ending, our graduation would indeed be a sorrowful occasion. But every end is



a new beginning—such as the end of a year is the beginning of a new one. Thus, our graduation day means to us a new life, full of challenge—a life of action, new experiences and high excitement. This beginning is a beginning of independence.

Throughout our high school days, our life has been under controls, guided by our parents and teachers. For example, there have been times when homework prevented us from going to movies or plays. This might have seemed to us too severe at the time, and unfortunately there were those who could not bear to keep working under these controls. Many left school to go to work, others just lingered to pass the time away. Their judgment has now been proved a false judgment, because we now know that in high school there was an important job to accomplish for our own benefit. Now our big job—to prepare to conduct our lives—is ended, whether done well or not. We are now about to be sent out on our own, to have freedom of action for the first time.

First, we shall be free from bells that tie us down to a schedule. We shall have no bells to release us from a classroom, no announcements that there will be assembly at two o'clock. No longer shall we wait for school to close for the day. We are beginning to realize that we must develop a keener sense of personal responsibility.

Rather than striving for a passing grade, we shall be looking forward to a promotion in our work. It won't be as simple as being told, "If you empty the baskets every day for a week, you'll be promoted." No. Promotion can only be won through our own initiative, and by hard earnest work. There will be no sympathetic interest in us, such as we found in the classroom; it will be our job to arouse interest.

Our declaration of independence will mean freedom from enforced learning. No one will care whether we continue to enlarge our vocabularies, or whether we develop an appreciation of literature. Nor will there be teachers who will warn us that they want to judge us well and can do so only if we learn certain principles

well. We shall still be judged for our knowledge, but without slightest warning—whether the judgment be well or ill. Such is independence—responsibility instead of routine, indifference from others instead of interest.

But the members of our class are needed as independent citizens of the United States. We have passed our probation period; now we must begin to do our share in helping preserve and improve the republic in which we live. Of course, we cannot be legal voters for a few years. But in the intervening years, everyone of us can be training himself to shoulder the responsibilities of citizenship. We have, in our history courses, acquired the essential knowledge. But now, we must put this knowledge into practice. We have not learned how to vote intelligently, and will not learn, until we have actually experienced the effects of government by officials that are worthy of holding office. We know the details of certain laws pertaining to hours and wages, but how can we judge their value until we have actually worked and received wages under these laws? We can not talk critically of income taxes and government expenditures, until we learn to judge their necessity. There is only one way to do all this. That is by taking our places in the industrial and business world and determining the good and bad points for ourselves and, finally, drawing our own conclusions. If we devote the next few years to these comparatively simple tasks we should be able, when necessary, to fulfill worthily our first obligation of citizenship in these United States.

We are told that modern young Americans are the most unsupervised and the most unsecluded youth of all times! If we are to keep this freedom which is ours without condition, we have but one lesson to learn: Real freedom never consists in mere release from old restraints. A bird's first step to freedom is to develop and strengthen his wings. So it is with an individual. Freedom can not be won by killing a tyrannical dictator, and will not be won unless each and every one is able to take charge of himself. Without this

(Continued on page 37)



## Boys' Basketball Team



First Row, left to right: Alex Ciszewski, Frank Osciak, Captain Edward Zima, Edward Malinowski, Henry Kugler.

Second Row, left to right: Manager Richard Belden, William Wendoloski, John Skarzinski, Robert Shea, Edward Remiszewski, John Besko, Robert Pelc, Ass't Mgr. Chester Prucnal, Coach Jacobek.

### FIRST HALF

Dec. 18	Springfield Tech.	36	S.A.	25
Dec. 22	Hopkins	25	S.A.	20
Jan. 2	Williamsburg	11	S.A.	40
Jan. 8	Smith School	19	S.A.	24
Jan. 15	Amherst	34	S.A.	36
Jan. 19	Hopkins	22	S.A.	25
Jan. 22	Easthampton	31	S.A.	27
Jan. 26	South Hadley	17	S.A.	22
Jan. 29	Williamsburg	23	S.A.	34

### SECOND HALF

Feb. 2	Smith School	34	S.A.	33
Feb. 5	Amherst	17	S.A.	25
Feb. 9	Hopkins	29	S.A.	17
Feb. 12	Easthampton	42	S.A.	31
Feb. 19	South Hadley	33	S.A.	28

# Girls' Basketball Team



First Row, left to right: Martha Osepowicz, Verna Skorupski, Phyllis Zembiski, Irene Ziezulewicz, Annie Zima, Margaret Osepowicz.

Second Row, left to right: Coach Muller, Tessie Sikorski, Edith Filipek, Helen Pashek, Tessie Michalowski, Manager Mary Majeski.

\* \* \*

As would be expected under present conditions, the Smith Academy team did not play its usual number of games. Northampton, Deerfield, and Smith Academy were the three teams that comprised the Hampshire League, with Deerfield finishing as the champ. Unfortunately our girls were not victorious in any of the league games, although they put up a very good fight. A victory which made up for league losses was the annual game played here with our oldest rival, Hopkins. Miss Lyons, who had coached the girls' basketball team so well for the past several years, left in the middle of the season. She was succeeded for the rest of the basketball season by Principal C. J. Larkin, who also did a very good job. The present girls' athletic director is known to all, Mrs. Muller of Easthampton.

## SCHEDULE

Jan. 12	S.A.	5	Northampton	40	March 2	S.A.	19	Hopkins	18
Jan. 19	S.A.	7	Deerfield	15	March 9	S.A.	20	Hopkins	19
Feb. 9	S.A.	20	Northampton	41	March 12	S.A.	8	Deerfield	31



Soccer Team



First Row, left to right: Bernard Kacenski, Alex Ciszewski, John Besko, Captain Paul Dickinson, Clifford Roberts, Frank Osciak.

Second Row, left to right: Coach Jacobek, Edward Remiszewski, Edward Zima, Robert Shea, Henry Kugler, Edward Malinowski, Manager Chester Prucnal.

Not in picture: Francis Skoczylas.

\* \* \*

SCHEDULE

FIRST HALF

SECOND HALF

Easthampton	1	Smith Academy	5	Easthampton	0	Smith Academy	2
Smith School	0	Smith Academy	2	Smith School	1	Smith Academy	0
Hopkins	1	Smith Academy	1	Hopkins	1	Smith Academy	1

## Baseball Team



First Row, left to right: Edward Remiszewski, Robert Shea, Captain Dickinson, Richard Belden, Alex Ciszewski.

Second Row, left to right: Robert Pelc, Bernard Kacenski, Clyde Gallant, John Besko, Charles Haviler, Edward Malinowski, Clifford Roberts, Manager Chester Prucnal, Coach Jacobek.

\* \* \*

Baseball was a little late in beginning this year because of the undecidedness of the coach whether we should have a team or not. But finally, plans were worked out and a team was organized with several of the old players in the team. The eagerness of the fellows, we know, will make this team very successful, if transportation won't interfere with the brief schedule. So far, the S.A. boys defeated the North Hatfield Braves, 8-3, and Smith School, 13-8. If the underclassmen keep up the good work, they will surely be champions before they graduate. Good luck, boys!!



## Literary

### WIND

Wind—howling and whistling 'round corners of streets,  
 Running and dancing on meadows and creeks.  
 Rocking the baby in his cradle with care,  
 Sending perfumes and fresh breezes through the air.  
 Sailing kites and balloons into the sky each day  
 Laughing with small children who always are gay.  
 Singing to sleep each one at night,  
 Ready to greet them next morning, early and bright.

HELEN PASZEK '45

### WINTER WIND

Cold  
 Biting  
 Cruel  
 The wind of winter  
 Puffs his cheeks and blows,  
 Till the whole earth seems frozen—  
 Blows and scatters wintry snows,  
 Blows clear through thick winter clothes,  
 And hatred against him grows.  
 No, we should not wonder the wind is not mild,  
 He has no brain—that's why he's so wild.

ELEANORE RUGLER '45

### A YOUNG LADY'S FLIGHT

"Pehaps you have an appointment," I would say.

"Oh, no," would come the hearty answer.

"Are you sure?" I would insist.

"Of course, I'm sure."

And so it went. When he had exhausted one subject, he would start on another. "When will he leave?" and "Goodness, it's quarter to eight already," I kept saying to myself. "And that one and only date at nine."

"Yes, sir," he said, "When the coach started bossin' me, I says, unh, unh, coach! No soap, or I quit and he couldn't do nothin' but let me play. Yep, they needed me a'll right. Say, did I tell you about that game with Winterfield?"

And so on and on. Now it was 8:06. "Shall I get dressed? I haven't the courage to tell him to leave. What will Doug' say if he finds him here?" kept pounding in my brain.

"Yep, we were 12 points behind in the

last quarter, when the coach decides it's time to put me in. Well, when I got through, we were one point ahead at the whistle. Yep, they sure can't do without me. And then there was the big swimmin' meet. Of course, the coach keeps me on the bench for an emergency. Well, this meet, I was sitting on the bench like I told—"

I had already stopped listening to what he was saying. "Gee whiz! 8:20! Oh, I must get him out, I must!! What can I do? I've got it!"

Then I said, "Oh, Joe, I've got such an awful headache. I'm afraid I'll have to go upstairs and rest." I kept moving while saying that, and gave him no chance for argument. I went upstairs—he left. I was sick—sick of listening to him. But otherwise I was quite well, and my spirits rose again as I skipped into my room and laid my clothes out.

What an experience!

Bill Wendoloski '45.

## THAT NIGHT

That night! The best of the week to listen to the radio! The night when all S.A.'s students settle down for an enjoyable evening at home. Thursday night, when Bing Crosby croons his melodies and Baby Snooks and Henry Aldrich vie for popularity as comedy stars! Can't you imagine that it would be just such a night that we would have callers? Of course.

Everything from the price of potato chips in Japan to the striking coal miners and back again to the foreign situation is thoroughly discussed. Rita, anxiously watching the time, says to herself, "Well, Baby Snooks is over."

And, after a while with a small sigh, "Well, now Henry Aldrich is through."

And then, "Well, guess we won't hear

Bing Crosby tonight."

Soon, "Oh, gosh, won't they ever go? 'Yes, Mrs. Jones, I will certainly do that for you!' Darn it!! Even Red Skelton and Bob Hope are over now."

Finally the good old topic is reached, "Well, guess we'd better go now—got to work tomorrow, you know."

And Rita thinks, as she speeds their departure, "Well, of course, we hate to see you leave so early. Here's your hat. Good-bye!

And, despite frowning looks and words from Mom and Dad, the unwelcome company is hurried out and Rita, thoroughly disgusted, goes wearily up to bed, thinking, "What a wasted evening!"

Rita Godin '45

## AN UNFORGOTTABLE EXPERIENCE

I hope that I will never live through that again. It was TRAGIC! It was the 1936 flood.

I was only nine years old. When I came home from school, the water was coming up the street—and it was coming fast. We had about twenty bushels of potatoes in the cellar, so my mother asked me to go downstairs and help her put those potatoes in bags. I assure you it was a very slow task. When my father came home, the water was spreading behind our house and most of the potatoes were still in the cellar outside the bags. But after my father came in, the pile of potatoes rapidly became smaller. Dad carried them into the barn attic. Luckily most of the preserve jars were empty and it was not a very long task to move them into the upstairs of the barn.

But then we had to take the furniture up from the first floor. We all worked very hard to get everything done; and when it was completed, who should come in but some neighbors of ours to stay with us—they did not think that the water would ever come as high as it eventually did. It was about six-thirty, and we were in a practically deserted neighborhood, for most of our neighbors had gone and left everything just as it was. The water was surrounding our house by this time, too. There were eight of us in the isolated house, as well

as two dogs and a cat, and all we had to eat was SPAGHETTI!

No one seemed to mind the situation too much until about 8:30, when it was time to put us tots to bed. Until then, no one had noticed our fear. We did not want to go to bed. Finally, three of us were put into one bed, because that was the only one available, since the other bedrooms were filled with furniture. We lay there listening to the murmur of voices downstairs, and wondering fearfully what would happen if the water rose higher. It was nearly midnight before we fell asleep.

When morning came, we could hear people crying for help away up the street, but there were no boats to be seen—just an ocean of water. The morning dragged on, with the water rolling against the house, on a level with first story windows. It was immediately after my dinner of SPAGHETTI that a boat was seen coming toward our house—but it went past us, too. It did not get very far, because by then the ice cakes had found their way across the dike, and prevented the rowers from going any further. So they came back. It was then that the fun began. The boatmen were going to take six of us, so the three women and we three tots went down the stairs to the first floor. We were just going to get into the boat when one of the boatmen became

sick—and it wasn't sea-sickness either. Evidently he had had some homemade wine. So we had to go back up the stairs, and the men carried the unfortunate fellow into the house. Then we all trooped down again and the men carried us through the window and all six of us with the two dogs, got gingerly in the boat, with one man to do the rowing. The women were so frightened that they were crying, but we tots thought it was fun until we came to the bridge.

Then the rower announced that he didn't know whether he could make it or not, but that he was going to try. Thank God he did!

But I wasn't any happier on dry land than I had been in the water. I kept getting homesick and I wanted Dad, for he was left alone with that SICK man, now. Oh!!! I hope that I never have to go through that again.

Mary Majeski '44

### Class Prophecy

(Continued from page 19)

was ahead. HoHo! Dreaming Beauty was now leading. Right along until almost to the end, Dreaming Beauty stayed ahead. BANG! and now Dodger Smith was once more ahead. In the last split second, the dark horse gruded, Bronco Blitz ahead, as the winner!!! Bronco Blitz was known in S. A. in '43 as Anna Burda, Class Salutatorian.

### TRAVEL EPISODE

Traveling is one of the easiest ways of meeting people. Daily, a certain girl would board this train. No one traveling on this train had the slightest idea of what a girl would be doing with such a large collection of books, pamphlets and writing utensils. Finally, the summer season solved the question, for after a certain date, this girl was seen no more on a train. The diligent traveling worker proved to be no other than one of our classmates, Jeanne Wickles, still continuing her studies for a better background.

### HEROES OF WORLD WAR NO. 2

This item of news is something all 1943 graduates of S. A. will be interested in, for they are the ones who were right in it. Following their graduation, papers were filled daily with war news. Every one just waited to see when the campaigns would end. Finally the last issue devoted to war news was out, and on the first page a face appeared, over the photo were these words, "GREATEST JAP KILLER AND THE GREATEST SAP HATER," Frank Osciak of Hatfield, Massachusetts.

MARY CYBULSKI '43

### Honor Essays

(Continued from page 30)

ability, there would be continuous struggles, riots, and rebellions among the forces of society. As we make our declaration of independence, we must remember that freedom is a substitution of self-control for external restraints. We must bear in mind that, although today marks the end of twelve years of familiar laws and restrictions, it but leads us to another set of laws and a new set of restrictions. Will this end lead us into disaster, because of our lack of self-control? Or will the freedom to follow be more true, with a keen sense of values and sound judgment?

We are making our declaration of independence in times of strife, with World War II upon us, and with much to disconcert us. We realize that there is a great task before us—the task of making the world more to our liking. History, both ancient and modern, has shown only too vividly that liberty is not something granted just for the asking. Our forefathers fought to gain liberty; the people of Europe are fighting to gain liberty; and we must work and fight to keep it.

Here endeth the old! But here beginneth the new. A new world lies ahead, full of great problems—and also full of great opportunities, for the end of the war will mark the beginning of a new world—the world of our tomorrow. Our life is placed in our own hands, to do with it what we will. The whole choice is ours!

HELEN KACENSKI '43

Valedictorian



School Paper Staff



First Row, left to right: Phyllis Zembiski, Mary Majeski, Stacia Slovikoski, Helen Kacinski, Dorothy Majeskey, Anna Burda, Irene Harubin, Julia Niewinski, Irene Ziezulewicz.  
Second Row, left to right: Miss Ryan, Miss Stoddard, Verna Skorupski, Jean Bryant, Edith Filipek, Rita Godin, Helen Serowick, Tessie Michalowski, Stella Slivoski, Mr. Larkin.  
Third Row, left to right: Alex Ciszewski, Edward Remiszewski, Edward Malinowski, Paul Dickinson, Henry Kugler, Robert Sawiski, Charles Kuzontkoski, William Wendoloski, Edward Lapinski.

\* \* \*

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Literary Editors .....	Anna Burda, Mary Majeski
Sports Editors .....	Henry Kugler, Phyllis Zembiski
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Year Book Staff

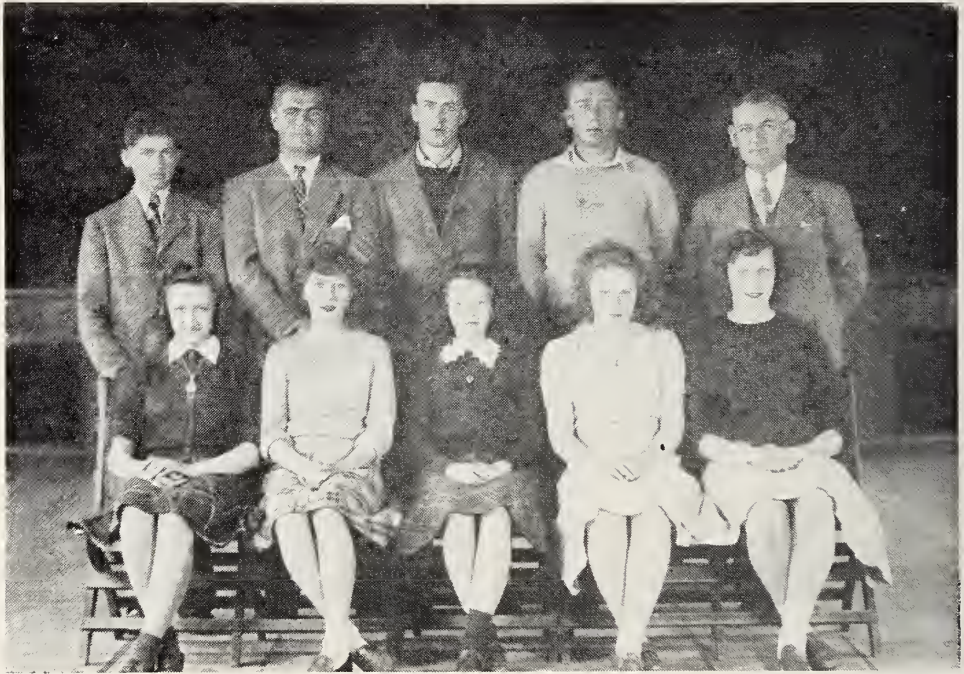


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Back Row, left to right: Mr. Larkin, Alex Ciszewski, Edward Remiszewski, Richard Belden, Paul Dickinson, Henry Kugler, Edward Pashek, Miss Stoddard, Miss Ryan.

\* \* \*

Editor-In-Chief .....	Helen Kacinski
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Sports Editors .....	Alex Ciszewski, Phyllis Zembiski
Literary Editors .....	Anna Burda, Mary Majeski
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Faculty Advisers .....	Principal Larkin, Miss Ryan, Miss Stoddard

## Student Council



First Row: left to right: Helen Kacinski, Jean Byrant, Joan Bangs, Mary Majeski, Stacia Slovikoski.

Second Row, left to right: Alex Ciszewski, Edward Remiszewski, Paul Dickinson, Edward Malinoski, Mr. Larkin.

\* \* \*

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## Future Farmers of America



First Row, left to right: Charles Kuzontkoski, Robert Shea, Champion Dickinson, Stanley Pinkoski.

Second Row, left to right: Mr. Bristol, Edward Malinoski, Richard Belden, Edward Zima, Paul Dickinson, Albion Galinski, John Besko.

\* \* \*

The Hatfield Chapter of the Future Farmers of America was chartered about one year ago with Mr. John Carroll as faculty adviser.

In September of 1942, the chapter was re-organized with Robert Shea, president; John Besko, vice-president; Albion Galenski, treasurer; Champion Dickinson, secretary; and Charles Kuzontkoski, reporter.

Regular meetings were held during the school year and various activities were carried on. The outstanding contribution of the boys in this group was the remodeling and renovation of the school shop. This will make possible the rendering of better services to the community.



# Informal Snapshots



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